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HENDERSON, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 13 1911.

NO. 30.

EDITORIAL JUNK

It is the business of the outfields to eat the "fly."

The government "hit the nail on the head" when it got in after the rail trust.

Somehow the people do not seem to have very much faith in this jail-buster.

It must be a strange sort of business in a town that would not be benefited by the town's growth.

There are few things that sound worse than to hear a fellow running down his own town and community.

The bears are simply unable to conceal their delight at the present prospects of a bumper cotton crop this year.

For perfect transparency it would be hard to beat a combination of the pecked waist and the new cobweb skirt.

President Taft has at least sought to make the members of Congress earn their pay by keeping them in session through all this hot weather.

A fellow should be very careful when he goes to tracing up his ancestry or he might discover something that wouldn't be very pleasant to him.

Now that the trusts have gobbled up everything that wasn't nailed down, the government proposes to take vengeance by prosecuting the rail trust.

At last an automobile has come up with something on the public highways that it couldn't drive into this ditch, and that "something" was a traction engine.

One can't help wondering if the present session of the Georgia Legislature has anything to do with the high temperatures prevailing throughout the South.

Senator Simmons has introduced an amendment to the Canadian reciprocity bill, providing for free flour and meat from Canada, as well as live wheat and live stock.

Now that the near-beer joints have all been closed up, it might be very well for the proper officers of the law to keep even a sharper look-out than ever before for blind tigers.

Attorney General Wickham assures the country that the recent decisions of the Supreme Court will put an end to the trusts. But in this case most of the people are "from Missouri."

"There is no interest in the proceedings of the Senate," says a Washington correspondent. Those correspondents up there should try to send out something that will be news to the people.

The fly now has many very grave charges laid at his door, but it is hardly probable that he has been magnified the least bit. On the other hand, it is quite likely that the half has not yet been told.

The Apex Journal very wisely observes that "a town is no more than its citizens make it." And the Journal might have said with equally as much truthfulness that a town is exactly what its citizens make it.

With all the near-beer joints closed up and only 30 per cent of an apple crop out of which to make cider this summer, it will be well if some of our fellow-citizens do not take a severe case of the "blues" before very long.

An auditor recently wrote: "One of the most pathetic sights in the world is to see a man trying to support an automobile wife on a wheelbarrow salary." We'll wager that editor had to leave town on the next train.

Some fellow has recently busied himself to ascertain how many printers are in the Virginia penitentiary, no doubt expecting to find it full of them. But he was astonished not to find a single one there. Good for the printers.

Before you criticize the other fellow too much for what you may consider his deficiencies and shortcomings in his particular line of business, perhaps you might appreciate him more if you would first go and stand in his shoes for a while.

They say the undertaker is always glad when he hears of a death in the community. We do not know about that, but it would be interesting to know if the politicians are not glad when some big fat office is made vacant by the death of the incumbent.

A press dispatch informs us that President Taft was the center of a big sensation at Indianapolis the other day. If the sensation was as big in proportion as the "center," then we may suppose there was plenty of excitement in Indianapolis that day.

People who appreciate high-sounding titles should note the following one, which has just appeared in public print: "Harold Frank Henwood, of New York, promoter, globe trotter, society man, mine exploiter, assassin, slayer of George E. Cope-land," etc., etc.

A newspaper's advertising space is a part of its stock in trade, and you therefore have no more right to go to the newspaper office and ask it to give you a free advertisement than you have to go to your groceryman and ask him to give you a free package of coffee or sugar.

The citizen who can always find so much about his town to criticize thereby acknowledges to the world that he has either had very little influence in shaping its destinies or else has helped to make a very bad job of it. And either acknowledgement is no special credit to him.

When you remember that the fly carries about on his unwashed feet the deadly germs of typhoid fever, cholera infantum, sleeping sickness, infantile paralysis, tuberculosis, pellagra, and many other fatal diseases, how then can you help but swear him every chance you get.

Of course all the politicians who want office are great friends to the farmer until they once get the office, but the goal of their ambition once achieved some of them are mighty quick to forget their farmer friends until they want office again. The farmer's best friend is one who is a friend to him all the time, and he is coming to find out that this is true.

North Carolina produced more cotton to the acre last year than any other Southern State, the average yield being 245 pounds of lint cotton to the acre. Young man, you who may be thinking of quitting the North Carolina farm and going West in search of a better farming country, how does that sound to you?

Word comes from Washington that President Taft has fallen on a new plan for settling rows in the Republican party in the Southern States. When the different factions cannot agree, he proposes to send them all back home to hold a state convention, and the winners get all White House recognition, which means control of Federal patronage.

If bonds were issued to macadamize every public highway in Vance county, the farmer's part of the tax would probably not amount to anything like as much as the cost of the vehicles and teams he now wears out on the bad roads in the run of a year. And in addition to the saving, he would then have the advantages and satisfaction the good roads would afford him.

No less than 63,000,000 barrels of beer were sold in the United States during the twelve months ending June 30th, or an increase over the preceding twelve months of 6.21 per cent. The whiskey bill for the year was \$146,973,000, an increase of nearly \$8,000,000 over the preceding year. And in this connection it is stated that prohibition has affected the trade considerably.

There are many good farmers in the North and West just now who are turning their faces Southward and are seeking good farms in this section of the country. Our local real estate men might be able to do a profitable business both for themselves and the county by making a special effort to get in touch with some of these good Northern and Western farmers and locating them in Vance county.

One of the very first and most valuable lessons that amateur newspaper reporters need to learn, and must learn before they can ever hope to win any degree of success or distinction at the business, is accuracy—absolute accuracy, in their statement of facts. Let a reporter once get the reputation of being inaccurate and unreliable in such matters, and he or she might as well quit the business at once and for good. It may be a little tempting at times to take the statements of those who have heard a little something about a matter, and that little something all wrong, rather than go to the trouble to make a thorough investigation of the facts. But such a course has its inevitable reward, and that reward is failure and disrepute, and finally down and out. A reporter may be able to palm off inaccurate reports on the public for a while, but that sort of thing won't last long. Some one is sure to call the game sooner or later. You may be able to fool all the people for a short time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot hope to fool all the people all the time. There is no place for a lazy bone in the anatomy of a wide-awake and successful newspaper reporter. Nothing can ruin a newspaper quicker than inaccurate and unreliable reporters.

A LITTLE RIDE INTO THE COUNTRY

And Some Reflections Awakened Thereby.

I have been considering how we might arrange for and establish in and around Henderson and in Vance and the three adjoining counties, twenty public libraries, five hundred miles of trolley lines, twenty parks and pleasure resorts, five hundred miles of macadamized roads, oiled so as to avoid dust and attract touring cars; water and light and telephone systems in every house, two or three large colleges and a thousand factories. There are many who say eight thousand white people and nine or ten thousand black ones are all we want here. Yet it is very certain that the adjuncts of civilization named above are greatly to be desired. It is equally certain that our eight thousand white people and ten thousand negroes can never get them.

Sometimes when the preacher thanks the Lord for having "cast our lot in pleasant places" I feel like saying Amen! It is so fine, so quiet, so easy, so grandly home-like here. Yet when business or pleasure calls me to roam to a country containing every one of the above institutions, and I remain there and enjoy them a few days, it seems so far from my office to my house, the main street of Henderson seems so bare and dull, my horse and carriage look so poor and ugly, that I seem to feel a kind of discontent. If we had in Vance county 200,000 people we could have every one of those luxuries of life and yet our taxes and expenses of living would be no greater than they are now. That number of people and their horses and cattle would make every foot of our lands "as rich as river low-grounds."

In that number, there would be so many ideas to stir up our lives and conduct and show truth in so many, to us, new forms, that life would not be a mere pursuit of happiness, but it would sometimes be overtaken. Our taxes on that number of people and the increased value of the property would enable us to maintain a system of compulsory education, and all our thoughts would widen and enlarge. Our factories would supply our needs and bring in all the money required.

The conditions of thrift and luxury, learning and creature comforts that I have described above do actually exist in hundreds of communities in these United States. Why do we not have them? How can we get them? Do we want them? We set up in business here about the same time as the other Eastern States, and long ago before many of the Western States. I am forced to reflect upon the difference in conditions with them and us. I suppose every one has done so, and has felt as a last resort, "So let it be, since it can not be so." But it ought not to be so. We ought to desire and have, for ourselves and for our children, every blessing that a kind Providence has placed within the reach of any. I do want them, and I want them bad.

Are we willing to pay the price? A friend of mine removed to the North, and after many years returned to visit his brother, whose sons were then grown men, complaining of hard times. They worked pretty well, like everybody else in their neighborhood, from April to July, with a hundred years behind them, a system of farming, and hunted and fished and rested the remainder of the year. He told them of the farmer boys of his neighborhood in the North who rose at three a. m. the year round, milked a herd of cows and carried the milk to the milk train that passed to the city at 6 a. m., and who were growing rich year by year.

And it seems to me that the curse of two totally different races living in the same territory, and the very pleasant and gracious climate, enabling us to earn some sort of a living by working one-third of our time, are the very things that have kept us from the accumulations that would add so much to our wealth and happiness.

The man in Massachusetts has to warm his family, his vegetables and fruits and cattle from October to May, and work "like the mischief" indoors in winter and outdoors in summer to make both ends meet. This creates the getting and saving habit. Result: The money in the savings banks in the 14 little counties of Massachusetts is sufficient to buy and pay for all the land in North Carolina and everything on it at the prices we think it is worth, and besides, they have to their credit, use and enjoyment of the roads, parks, trolley lines, schools, colleges, libraries, compulsory education, museums, etc., and their taxes in Boston, with all the graft are not near so heavy as ours. My old friend Ben Smith says: "A nigger can make enough money Monday to feed him all the week. Nobody don't care nothing about him and he don't care nothing about nobody. What he wants to work for?" And if one wants to farm, with a little seed as a basis of credit he can get three to five hundred dollars credit in a time store. White people, as well, make a living so easy that we don't trouble ourselves to make much more than a living. We often remind me of the Arkansas Traveler, who, when asked why he didn't patch a leaky roof, said: "It's too bad to patch it while it's raining, and when it ain't raining I don't need it." So he picked his banjo as the rain poured in.

These thoughts have been on my mind all my life, and have caused me to be in a rush and work overtime whenever I had anything to do. It seems impossible to get people from other States and counties to come here, because of the presence here of two races of people. Indeed it is very doubtful if they are wanted. But it is as certain as anything that our country is undeveloped as it should be and we have been living and dying for two hundred years and more without the blessings that thrift and a large population would bring us. Of course there is much industry and prosperity and culture about in spots; but nothing to be compared with what there would be if we had ten times as many people as we have and were three times as busy as we are.

I wish to live to see the day when two-thirds of the land in Vance county will not be idle; when we will cease to cut and sell our little pine trees; when we will cease to pay a hundred thousand dollars per year for commercial fertilizers, and will have cattle sufficient to fertilize all the land we till. The satisfactory prices of farm products in recent years have to some extent stimulated the study and cultivation of corn and cotton. Our country is improving greatly, but so many others are doing so much better. I want to live to see the day when trolley lines and public parks and lakes, macadamized roads and the other conveniences and comforts of modern civilization shall abound in this good land where my ancestors and I have lived so long.

I should not write all this if I thought "anybody but us" would see it. One can afford to scold his own folks a little. These reflections have been aroused again by a little ride I took last week. I bought a street car in Boston. While waiting for it to start, my eye alighted on a large placard, viz: "It is a misdemeanor and will subject you to a fine of \$100 to spit in this city except into a receptacle provided for the purpose."

I rode 19 miles into the country, through the "Middlesex villages and farms" that Paul Revere roused on "the 19th of April, '75." The ride cost me 23 cents going and the same returning. The road was macadamized the entire distance, and oiled, and so smooth and firm that dust was impossible. All along the road were great stone troughs to water horses and cattle, great farm houses, immense elms, public school houses, libraries, power houses, factories, parks, market and flower gardens, monuments and tablets, churches—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Catholic, Unitarian, Swedenborgian, Christian Science—Longfellow's home, Harvard College, with its nearly a hundred buildings, libraries, museums; the Washington Elm.

Concord excited and interested me to the limit. I saw the home and the grave of R. W. Emerson and the fields and the woods where he communed with nature and with God and saw and read so much of Him to us. Here is what is inscribed on a bronze tablet inserted in a large flint boulder at his grave: "The passive Master lent his hand To the vast soul that o'er him planned."

Hard by are the graves of Hawthorne, and of Louisa M. Alcott, and of Miss Peabody, and of several kindergartens. And there is the bridge where the first blood of the Revolutionary war was shed. Two soldiers killed on each side. Over the British boys I read:

"They come three thousand miles and To keep the past upon its throne; Unheard beyond the ocean tide, Their English mother made her moan." On the side of the bridge where the American soldiers—the Minute Men—stood, the inscription is:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here the embattled farmers stood And fired the shot heard 'round the world."

Nearby was Walden and Thoreau's Cabin, where he meditated upon the meaning of life. There was the old manse in which Emerson and Hawthorne spent their early married life. Hawthorne plucked the "blue moose." The entire atmosphere was luminous with history and literature. It was a "mount" to me worthy of "three tabernacles" at least, and it had them. I wish that everyone who wishes to appreciate the blessings he has and to obtain other and greater, could go to Concord and Lexington and the Washington Elm, and Longfellow's home, and Harvard College, and Faneuil Hall, and the old South Meeting House, and the old State house, and "the old three cornered hat and the breeches and all that" immortalized by Dr. Holmes, and the picture of the man who wrote the hymn "Coronation," and the organ on which he first played it, and the thousand and one other relics of the olden time on which our new time is builded; and that each and all might come away resolved to do nothing more to "keep the past upon its throne;" but determined to make new efforts to fire shots that will better and bless the world.

T. T. H.

MOSQUITOES BAD THIS YEAR
But don't scratch the poisoned skin. Use a mild, cooling, healing compound that stops the itch instantly, draws out the poison in the skin and protects it against further trouble. Just a mild cleansing wash of oil of wintergreen, thymol and a few other ingredients known as the D. D. D. Prescription (so famous in cases of Eczema) and you have mosquito protection for the season. Yes, instant relief—now only 25c. W. W. PARKER, Henderson, N. C.

Kidney Diseases Are Curable
Under certain conditions. The right medicine must be taken before the disease has progressed too far. Mr. Perry A. Pitman, Dale, Texas, says: "I was down in bed for four months with kidney trouble and bladder trouble and gall stones. One bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy cured me well and sound." Ask for it for sale by all druggists.

Suggestive.
He—I'm afraid you are cold. Shall I take off my coat and put it around you?
She—You may put your coat around me but why take it off?
—Life.

No Hearing on Cotton Schedule.

According to a press dispatch from Washington, there will be no hearing by the House ways and means committee with regard to revision to the cotton schedule. The dispatch goes on to say:

D. J. Cooper and other manufacturers in North Carolina wrote Representative Claude Kitchin, a member of the committee, asking that a hearing be granted, but Chairman Underwood and his colleagues are of the opinion that the hearing taken two years ago by the Payne committee cover the field.

However, the committee will be glad to receive briefs from any manufacturer or individuals, who have anything new to offer or suggest with regard to the cotton subject. There will be a thirty per cent cut in the duties on cotton manufactured goods. This is about the amount of the cut made in the wool schedule eliminating the compensatory duties. The committee has not reached a decision but it was learned that the reduction will be about as stated above.

Representative Kitchin is studying up on cotton which is a familiar subject to him. He will be one of the members of the committee to speak in support of the cotton revision schedule.

While the House will pass the cotton revision schedule, it is hardly thought that the Senate will act on it until next winter.

Foley's Honey and Tar Compound

Is effective for coughs and colds in either children or grown people. No opiates, no harmful drugs. In the yellow package. Refuse substitutes. For sale by all druggists.

Save the Earnings.

A Chicago millionaire came to this country forty years ago with only 12 cents in his pocket, says an Ohio paper, and the other day, referring to it, he said he laid down this rule: "Never to be out of work and never to spend as much as you earn." It was that rule that made him a millionaire, and that is the kind of millionaire that is entitled to honor.

His idea is that it is good for a man to save, for economy is a healthy habit. As a rule men can live on half they spend, have better health, and can do more work. Let a man sit down and make a list of what he needs, not scantily but bountifully, and he will be surprised how many things he can cut out and yet keep body and mind in one condition.

DESTROYS SLEEP.

Many Henderson People Testify To This.

You can't sleep at night. With aches and pains of a bad back. When you have to get up from urinary troubles.

All on account of the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills bring peaceful slumber. They are for all kidney ills. L. W. Holloman, of Gary St., Henderson, N. C., says: "I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills, for I received great relief from their use. A soreness across the small of my back bothered me constantly and prevented me from sleeping well. The kidney secretions were too frequent in passage, highly colored and filled with sediment. Learning of Doan's Kidney Pills, I procured a box from the Kerner-McNair Co.'s Drug Store and after using them a short time I was freed from the backache and other annoyances. Since then I have been in the best of health."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McMurray Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's and take no other.

Notice to Henry L. Wyatt Camp.

To the Commander and Comrades of Henry L. Wyatt Camp:

The comrades of Cape Fear Camp, No. 254, U. C. V., and the city of Wilmington most cordially invite you to be with us on the 2nd and 3rd of August, 1911, for the reunion of Confederate Veterans of North Carolina. We want to show you how royally welcome you will be. We assure you that you will capture this whole community. They will surrender most willingly their hearts and homes for your entertainment.

Bring along and we will find for your convenience hotels and boarding houses at very reasonable rates.

L. W. Holloman, of Gary St., Henderson, N. C., says: "I have been greatly troubled during the hot summer months with hay fever and had that by using Foley's Honey and Tar Compound I got great relief." Many others who suffer similarly will be glad to benefit by Mr. Stewart's experience. For sale by all druggists.

Francis A. Macon, DENTAL SURGEON.

Office in Young Block.

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JULY FIRST, 1911

Our Savings Department inaugurates a new interest period in this department, and all deposits made during the first five days bear interest at the rate of 4 per cent compounded semi-annually. : : : : : Certificate of Deposit bearing interest from date of issue are furnished by this bank, which provide a convenient form of investment for those who want a strong, successful bank to care for their funds. : : : : : The paid in Capital, Earned Surplus and Individual Liability of Stockholders of \$275,000.00, all of which serves as a guarantee fund for the security of depositors. : : : : :

CITIZENS BANK OF HENDERSON, HENDERSON, NORTH CAROLINA.

LEWIS & JOYNER, FEED AND HEAVY GROCERIES.

We have just gotten in an entire new stock of FEED AND HEAVY GROCERIES, and will be glad to serve you at any time.

If you are in need of anything in our line, such as

Hay, Corn, Oats, Shipstuff, Bran, Meal, Flour, Coffee, Sugar, Meat, Lard, etc.,

we believe it will be to your interest to see us before buying. You will find us in the store formerly known as the Barnes Building, next door to the Southern Grocery Co. Phone No. 307-F.

LEWIS & JOYNER.

PARHAM & LANDIS

WE ARE GIVING AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE A One Hundred Dollar Rubber Tired Buggy

Come and hear our plan. We are also agents for the following High Class Buggies: **Tyson & Jones, Taylor & Canady, Virginia and Capital.** A full line of these Buggies on hand, and also a Car Load of **White Hickory Wagons.** Liberal Terms and Low Prices. "Quick Sales and Small Profits" is our Motto.

CALL AND SEE US.

PARHAM & LANDIS.

H. L. PERRY, Attorney at Law.

Henderson, N. C. Office 137 - - - Main Street.

BARBER SHOP.

Two Good Barbers at your Service. Your Patronage Solicited. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Fire, Tornado, Marine, Plate Glass, Casualty, Accident, Surety, Boiler, Life, Health.

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IS YOUR MACHINERY OUT OF ORDER?

If so, we can put it in first-class shape. We have opened a machine shop in Henderson, corner Chestnut and Montgomery streets, and will appreciate a trial when you need anything in our line. First-class Machinists are at your service to repair your machinery, boilers, etc. **SICK AUTOMOBILES CURED ON SHORT NOTICE.** We make a specialty of installing new plants. New parts supplied for all kinds of Machinery. Satisfaction guaranteed.

VANCE CO. IRON WORKS, Henderson, N. C.

REMEMBER

The Old Dorsey Drug Store.

His specialty is the **FILLING OF PRESCRIPTIONS.** The selling of Drugs, Chemicals, Druggists' Sundries, Patent Medicines, Cigars, Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Paints, Oils, Patent Brushes, etc., has been his business since childhood. All kinds of Garden and Field Seed in season. I have Nyal's Agency for full line of Family Remedies. Also "Fulton's Renal Compound," the greatest kidney medicine known. If you need Radium Spray I have it. Also Sprays for Paris Green and other germicides.

MELVILLE DORSEY.